

"NEMO'S ALMANAC 2017"

A literary Quiz with Prizes

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HIDE AND SEEK 2018

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HIDE AND SEEK 2017

(ONE HUNDRED & TWENTIETH YEAR)

A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY OF QUOTATIONS FOR COMPETITION

COMPILED BY
KENNETH THORNTON

PRICE - £3.00

RULES

1. The answers, with full references, must be sent in by **1st November 2017**. The envelope should be addressed to:
Kenneth Thornton, 138 Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA, with the letters **H & S** clearly written on it.
2. By 'full references' is meant : Author, Title, Volume, Chapter, Act, Scene, Verse, Line (as appropriate). In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. Ten marks are given for each correct answer, with bonus marks for a Quotation found by only one competitor or for well-researched answers (at the discretion of the compiler!)
4. The entry will be returned with the answer sheet.
5. Use of the Internet cannot be banned, but it is utterly discouraged, as it renders the competition both unfair and pointless. If the Internet has been used, please write 'NET' after your answer – 5 marks will be given if the answer is correct.
6. No Quotation is in translation, and no Author is quoted more than once.
7. Although humble prizes (£30, £20 and £10) are awarded to those who come first, second and third, all who participate in the competition receive a much more valuable prize – the prize of the pleasure of seeking and finding!

JANUARY

I

Lovely girls in spangled pants
Ride on gilded elephants.
Elephants are useful friends,
They have handles on both ends;

II

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,

III

On 29 Dec. the Rajah gave an Indian banquet to the newly married pair. I have both forgotten the time it was meant to be and the time it was. As usual they differed widely, but at all events, as darkness fell, the garden and road by the Guest House filled up with soldiers, policemen, horses, children, torch bearers, and a most gorgeous elephant. (There are two state elephants but the other did not feel quite well.)

IV

Til that ther cam a greet geaunt,
His name was sire Olifaunt,
A perilous man of dede.

V

Descending out of the grey
Clouds elephant trunk
Twitches away
Hat;
THAT
Was *not* what I expected,
A
Misdirected
Joke it seemed to me;

VI

— he being, as I observed in a former chapter, of a phlegmatic temperament, and not at all conversational —. I offered him a cake as a mark of attention which he ate at one gulp, exactly like an elephant, and which made no more impression on his big face than it would have done on an elephant's.

FEBRUARY

I

'Under the coat in a cardboard box you will find a candle – a decorated candle.'

'Yes, I see the box'.

'Take out the candle, but be careful because it's rather heavy. Put it on my bedside table and light it. Candlelight is better for my complexion.'

It was extraordinarily heavy, and I nearly dropped it.

II

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an agéd face.

III

Before I'd shut my eyes reveille came;
And as I dressed by the one candle-flame
The mellow golden light fell on his face
Still sleeping, touching it to tender grace,
Rounding the features life had scarred so deep,
Till youth came back to him in quiet sleep:

IV

After services old Kitty Preece said to me, 'Sir, it is not the mice that make away with the candles, it's the robins. The robins pull the candles out of the sockets by the wicks and throw them on the ground. Then the mice carry them away and eat them ...'

V

The boat drifts on,
And the litten candle single in the prow,
The small, immediate candle in the prow,
Burns brighter in the water than any star.

VI

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends –
It gives a lovely light!

MARCH

I

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

II

What, though no soft and costly sofa there
Insiduously stretched out its lazy length,
And no vain mirror glittered upon the walls,
Yet were the windows of the low abode
By shutters weather-fenced, which at once
Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.

III

The shadows flickering, the daylight dying,
And I upon the old red sofa lying,
The great brown shadows leaping up the wall,
The sparrows twittering; and that is all.

IV

All of us on the sofa in a line, kneeling
Behind each other, eldest down to youngest,
Elbows going like pistons, for this was a train

V

If you were friend enough
To believe me, I was about to start writing
At any moment; my mind was savagely made up,
Like a serious sofa moved
Underneath a north window.

VI

But the Sofa being, as I may say, the starting-post
from which I addressed myself to the long race that I soon
conceived a design to run, it acquired a just
pre-eminence in my account, and was very worthily
advanced to the titular honour it enjoys, its right being
at least so far a good one, that no word in the language
could pretend a better.

APRIL

I

Let Job bless with the Worm – the life of the Lord is
in Humiliation, the Spirit also and the truth.

II

For on a day a fat and busy knave,
A worm full greedy, with an evil tongue,
Walked in on us, snug in our purple cave,
And his most base opinion loudly gave
That worms, especially the young, should take
No care for anything beyond the grave;

III

Matthew's drawing a worm. Yesterday
he put one down Elizabeth's neck.
But these are safely locked in the wormery
eating their mud; he's tried that too.

IV

I came upon a Worm –
Pink, lank and warm –
But as he was a worm
And worms presume
Not quite with him at home –
Secured him by a string
To something neighboring
And went along.

V

Ah, woe is me!
What have I dared? where am I lifted? how
Shall I descend, and perish not? I know
That Love makes all things equal : I have heard
By mine own heart this joyous truth averred:
The spirit of the worm beneath the sod
In love and worship, blends itself with God.

VI

Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a
certain convocation of worms are e'en at him. Your
worm is your only emperor for diet:

MAY

I

Yet oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal one dispense,
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense!

II

When the young Kant
Was told to kiss his aunt,
He obeyed the Categorical Must,
But only just.

Søren Kierkegaard
Tried awfully hard
To take The Leap
But fell in a heap.

III

Sometimes I feel it is my fate
To chase you screaming up a tower
Or make you cower
By asking you to differentiate
Nietzsche from Schopenhauer.
I'd like successfully to guess your weight
And win you at a fête

IV

Kierkegaard hinted, Heidegger
agreed: the nominative
is God, a clearing
in thought's forest where truth
breathes, coming at us
like light itself,

V

Mock on, Mock on Voltaire, Rousseau:
Mock on, Mock on: 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again

VI

As Leibnitz, though not murdered, may be said to
have died partly of the fear that he should be murdered, and
partly of vexation that he was not, Kant, on the other hand
– who manifested no ambition in that way – had a
narrower escape from a murderer than any man we read of,
except Des Cartes.

JUNE

I

Lying awake
In London at night when childhood barred me
From livelier pastimes, I'd hear a street-band break
Into old favourites – 'The Ash Grove', 'Killarney'
Or 'Angels Guard Thee'.
That was the music for such an hour –

II

How restless to putt, when the strains of a band
Announced a *thé dansant* was on at the Grand,

III

The band strikes up again and from bedroom and bridge-table
In this modern Tower of Babel people glide towards the door;
The band bursts out anew, and a wistful nasal whining
With hypnotic syncopation fills the ballroom's glossy floor

IV

The Polish genius lags behind,
And, with some poppies in his hand,
Picks out the strings and wood and wind
Of an imaginary band,
Enchanted that for once his men obey his beat and understand.

V

They came out on the sand,
Not keeping time to the band, moving seaward
Silently at a snail's pace.

VI

The band put away their instruments out at the back, having
Drunk their beers, standing.
The detachable pieces of brass lie down
In the felt grooves of the cases, just as they should.

JULY

I

And from the thyme upon the height,
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes.

II

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,

III

High on the downs so bare,
Where thou dost love to climb,
Pink Thrift and Milkwort are,
Lotus and scented Thyme;

And in the shady lanes
Bold Arum's hood of green,
Herb Robert, Violet,
Starwort and Celandine;

IV

The buttercup is like a golden cup,
The marigold is like a golden frill
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,
And golden spreads the flag beside the rill,
And gay and golden nods the daffodil
The gorse common swells a golden sea,
The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips,

V

The short hill grass, the mushrooms small milk-white,
Harebell and scabious and tormentil,
That blackberry and gorse, in dew and sun,
Bow down to;

VI

Dust drops from champions where the hedge is hottest.
Foxgloves and grasses tremble where a snake basks,
Coiled under brilliance. Petals of the burnet-rose
Flash there, pulsating:

AUGUST

I

The whole of knowledge resides in words,
And words reside in the dictionary.
If someone stole his OED they stole his soul.
He slept with Roget underneath his pillow

II

During my Confinement for want of Cloaths, and by
an Indisposition that held me some Days longer, I much
enlarged my Dictionary; and when I went next to Court,
was able to understand many Things the King spoke, and to
return him some Kind of Answers.

III

If you sit for long
on the steps of the Stiftskirche
you will be asked
'Do you want drugs?' I ask
myself, 'What is a *Stift*?' –
I must buy a dictionary.

IV

The dictionary, old and shabby, has been helping
spiders, for a summer, to be good purposeful spiders.
But when I look up 'melon',
it does not help me to be a good purposeful person.
It will not even tell me what a melon's like to taste.

V

Behold as thick as gnats at evenglow
They come a jaunty herohood, agog
To turn this work – if I may put it so –
Into a lyric Dic. of Nat. Biog.

VI

"You may call it 'nonsense' if you like, " she
said, "but I've heard nonsense, compared with which
that would be as sensible as a dictionary!"

SEPTEMBER

(GUEST PAGE BY STEVE OSBORN)

I

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy; they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover

II

There are blackbirds over
The greyish cliffs of Dover

III

On the hill to the North, stands the Castle of Dover, which is fortified in the ancient manner, except on the sea-side, Where it has the steep cliff for a fortification. On the South side of the town, the hill is, I believe, rather more lofty than that on the North side; and here is that Cliff which is described by SHAKESPEARE in the Play of King Lear.

IV

" ... an Englishman who is a Scotchman who is a Norwegian who is a Canadian who is a Negro at heart from Dahomey who is married to an American who is on a French ship in distress which has been built by Americans and who finds at last that he is a Mexican dreaming of the White Cliffs of Dover .."

V

He is the capricious smile behind the colored bottles.
He eats not lest the poor want some.
He breathes of attitudes the piney altitudes.
He indeed is the White Cliffs of Dover

VI

Oh, England! thy white cliffs are dearer to me
Than all the famed coasts of a far foreign sea;

OCTOBER

I

Horrid Turkeys! What a pother!
Leave my Mother's gulls alone!
We, alas! can get no other,
If those precious two are gone! –
Still you persevere! – You Monsters! –
Over you have come – pell-mell! –
Oh! my gulls! – if you come near them
I will utter such a yell!!!

II

O shades of Shakspeare! Chaucer! Spenser!
Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!
O Colman! Kenny! Planché! Poole! Peake!
Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!
O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!
Hume! Wilmot Horton!
Think of your prose and verse, and worse – delivered in
Hog's Norton! –

III

Up they go once! and up they go twice! –
Round the hall! – round the hall! – and now up they go thrice!
Now one grand *pirouette*, the performance to crown!
Now again they go up!! – and they NEVER COME DOWN !!!

IV

'The banister's gone!' 'It's deep; keep close!
'We're going down and down!' 'What fun!
'Damp! Why, my shoes ...' 'It's slimy ... Not moss!
'I'm freezing cold!' 'Let's run.'

V

Strike down, batter! shatter! splinter!
Destroy! fracture! cripple! butcher!
Knock! beat! Whack! cuff!
Ruin! gash! smash! blast!

VI

In the caves of the deep – Hollo! hollo! –
Lost Youth! – o'er and o'er fleeting billows!
Hollo! hollo! – without all ruth! –
In the foam's cold shroud! – Hollo! hollo!
To his everlasting sleep! – Lost Youth!

NOVEMBER

I

The trapeze man, slim and beautiful and like a fish in the air
swung great curves through the upper space, and came down like a star
– And the people applauded, with hollow, frightened applause.

II

The shining trapeze kicks and flirts free,
solo performer at last.
The sawdust puffs up with a thump,
settles on a tangle of broken limbs.
St. Petersburg screams and leans.

III

The crowd, holding to their seats hard
Under the acrobats' hurtle and arc,
In their hearts miming that daring,
Are no longer assured
Of their body's nonchalant pride
Or of earth's firmness,

IV

Others are noble and admired –
The ones who walk the tightrope without nets,
The one who goes inside the lion's cage
And all the grave, audacious acrobats.

V

Look, like a trapeze artist, he flies with wires
above spectators who with iambs freeze.
To those with cold hands he offers fires
and sings the catastrophes.

VI

Le saltimbanque is coming with
His heels behind his head.
His smile is mortuary and
His whole expression dead.

The acrobat, the acrobat,
Demanding since the Fall
Little enough but hempen stuff
To climb and hang us all.

DECEMBER

I

PUDDING, n. A form of nutriment which is "very fillin' at the price."

II

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise like her labors, to the song of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.

III

A little Fuz-ball-pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse;

IV

Another match was lit, and the next moment Bill
was coming backwards into the cabin, bearing the Christmas
pudding in a sea of blue flames.

'What about that?' said Bill

V

*What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's perfectly well, and she hasn't a pain,
And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner again! –
What is the matter with Mary Jane?*

VI

So York shall taste, what Clouët never knew;
So from *our* works sublimer fumes shall rise:
While Nancy earns the praise to Shakespear due
For glorious puddings, & immortal pies.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2016

JANUARY 'FRIENDS'

- I. Lord Byron, "L'Amitié est L'Amour Sans Alles", Sta. 6, *Il.* 51-56
- II. William Cowper, "Friendship", Sta. 8, *Il.* 43-48
- III. Stevie Smith, "The Pleasures of Friendship", *Il.* 1-4
- IV. Abraham Cowley, "Friendship in Absence", Sta. 3, *Il.* 13-18
- V. W.H.Auden, "Thanksgiving for a Habitat, IX For Friends Only", Sta. 5, *Il.* 25-31
- VI. Francis Bacon, "Essays : Of Friendship"

FEBRUARY 'INK'

- I. O.W. Holmes, "Cacoethes Scribendi", *Il.* 3-6
- II. W.B.Yeats, "The Scholars", *Il.* 7-10
- III. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "The Valley of Fear, Part 1, 3. The Tragedy of Birlstone"
- IV. George and Weedon Grossmith, "The Diary of a Nobody", Chapt. XVIII, April 8
- V. R.S. Thomas, "The Letter", Sta. 3, *Il.* 12-16
- VI. Lewis Carroll, "Phantasmagoria, Canto III, Scarmoges, Sta.14, *Il.* 66-70

MARCH 'WINDMILLS'

- I. E.V. Lucas, "The Windmill", from 'Old Lamps for New'
- II. George Orwell, "Animal Farm", Chapter V
- III. William Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV.3.1. *Il.* 161-164
- IV. D.G.Rossetti, "A Trip to Paris and Belgium, II, Boulogne to Amiens and Paris, (3 to 11p.m., 3rd class), Sta. 1, *Il.* 1-6
- V. Arthur Symons, "A Tune", *Il.* 5-8
- VI. Edmund Waller, "To the Mutable Fair", *Il.* 7-14

APRIL 'SHAKESPEARE'

- I. Ben Jonson, "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare; and what he hath left us." *Il.* 19-24
- II. James Thomson, "The Seasons; Summer", *Il.* 1563-1566
- III. Jane Austen, "Northanger Abbey", Vol.1, Chapt.1
- IV. John Updike, "Meditation on a News Item", *Il.* 12-17
- V. Iain Crichton Smith, "Reading Shakespeare", Stanzas 1.2, *Il.* 1-6
- VI. Robert Browning, "Bishop Blougram's Apology", *Il.* 487-493

MAY 'LADYBIRDS'

- I. Lord De Tabley, "Lines to a Lady-Bird", *Il.* 55-59
- II. Elizabeth Jennings, "The Ladybird's Story", *Il.* 5-9
- III. John Clare, "The Shepherd Boy" 2, *Il.* 1-6
- IV. Ruth Pitter, "The Earwig's Complaint", Sta. 3, *Il.* 13,14
- V. John Heath-Stubbs, "Theatre of Insects. A Ladybird Among the Reference Books" *Il.* 1-4
- VI. Christina Rossetti, from "Sing-Song : A Nursery Rhyme-Book; Hurt no living thing ..., *Il.* 1-7

JUNE 'RHYMING WORDS'

- I. J.A. Lindon, "Sink Song" *Il.* 7-10
- II. Edward Lear, "The Story of the Pobble who has no toes, and the Princess Bink", Sta. 9, *Il.* 65-68
- III. John Keats, "A Song about Myself" III, *Il.* 68-73 (of poem)
- IV. Edith Sitwell, "Façade. 23. Polka", *Il.* 27-31
- V. W. M. Thackeray, "Vanity Fair", Chapt. 42
- VI. Anne Stevenson, "A Tricky June", *Il.* 16-21

JULY 'ICE CREAM'

- I. Andrew Motion, "To Whom it May Concern", Sta. 2, *Il.* 4-6
- II. D.J. Enright, "Paradise Illustrated ; A Sequence", IV, *Il.* 1-5
- III. Ogden Nash, "Tableau at Twilight", *Il.* 2-6
- IV. U.A. Fanthorpe, "Looking for Jorvik", Stanzas 2 & 3, *Il.* 3-6
- V. Peter Porter, "Homage to Gaetano Donizetti", *Il.* 3-6
- VI. Robert Lowell, "Milgate", *Il.* 24-28

AUGUST 'I REMEMBER'

- I. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Maud", Part 1, I, IV, *Il.* 13-16
- II. W.H. Davies, "385. R is for Remembrance", Sta. 2, *Il.* 58
- III. H. W. Longfellow, "My Lost Youth", Sta. 6, *Il.* 55-59
- IV. Sylvia Plath, "Mystic", Sta. 2, *Il.* 6-9
- V. Charles Causley, "HMS Glory at Sydney August 1945, Sta. 2, *Il.* 5-8
- VI. Edgar Allan Poe, "The Raven", Sta. 2, *Il.* 7,8

SEPTEMBER 'THE WEST'

- I. Louis MacNeice, "Western Landscape", ll. 48-53
- II. Robert Frost, "America is Hard to See", Sta. 2, ll. 7-12
- III. A.E. Housman, "The West", from Last Poems, Sta. 6, ll. 21-24
- IV. John Masfield, "The West Wind", Sta. 5, ll. 17-20
- V. G.K. Chesterton, "A Certain Evening", Sta. 3, ll. 9-12
- VI. Edwin Muir, "The West", ll. 6-9

OCTOBER 'BOWS'

- I. W. S. Graham, "The Nightfishing", 3, ll. 200-203
- II. Tom Durham, "Alpha Beta", ll. 1-5
- III. Seamus Heaney, "A Kite for Michael and Christopher", Sta. 2, ll. 4-7
- IV. Thomas Hardy, "The Fiddler", Sta. 4, ll. 13-16
- V. C. Day Lewis, "The Hunter's Game", Sta. 2, ll. 7-12
- VI. John Milton, "Paradise Lost", Book XI, ll. 859-863

NOVEMBER 'SEASICKNESS'

- I. Jerome K. Jerome, "Three Men in a Boat", Chapt. 1
- II. Charles Dickens, "Sketches by Boz: The Steam Excursion"
- III. Norman Douglas, "South Wind", Opening Sentences
- IV. Thomas Hood, "The Boy at the Nore", Sta. 12, ll. 56-60
- V. Rupert Brooke, "A Channel Passage", ll. 7,8
- VI. Roger McGough, "Bad Day at the Ark, 11", ll. 5-9

DECEMBER 'THE STALL'

- I. John Donne, "Divine Poems, 3, Nativitie", ll. 5,6
- II. Luke Wadding, "Christmas Day", Sta. 2, ll. 9-12
- III. Robert Southwell, "New Heaven, New Warre", ll. 3-6
- IV. William McGonagall, "Poetic Gems: A Christmas Carol", Sta.9, ll. 37-40
- V. Rudyard Kipling, "Eddi's Service", Sta. 8, ll. 29-32
- VI. Richard Wilbur, "A Christmas Hymn", Sta. 1, ll. 5-8

MARKS LIST 2016

FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. A. E. Sheehan-Hunt 710

SECOND PRIZE

Ian Patterson 645

THIRD PRIZE

Steve Osborn 640

Mrs. P. Pearce 595

Hilary Adams + Beryl Cawood 590

W. A. Kyle 575

Tom Durham 550

Ms Florence Yarwood 305

M. R. Foster 265

Gillian Carter 230

NOTES

Secondhand bookshops (those still remaining) must be cherished and used. For some time I had searched in such shops for a book I was wanting. One evening, talking on the telephone to a cousin (who is keen on the Internet) I made the mistake of mentioning the book. It arrived by post a couple of days later, bought via the Internet. I'm afraid that I don't value that book and haven't read it. Every time I look at it I cannot help but feel that I have been robbed of the pleasure of 'discovering' it. Of course, I might never have found it in a bookshop, but what fun I would have had looking for it!

A few months ago, in a rather disorganised secondhand bookshop here in Glasgow, I caught sight of 'Hellweather', published in 1959, a novel by Ruth Aspinall, my esteemed predecessor as editor of Hide and Seek. Did you know that she had written and published novels? I didn't. Apparently there are quite a few titles. Do you have any of them? If any of you would like to borrow this one to read, please let me know.

Again this year the number of entries is down, despite an even wider circulation of copies. It's discouraging, but I'm not a quitter, and will stubbornly carry on publishing H & S as long as there are any of you wanting it. It's interesting to note that retailers are reporting increased sales of books and c.d's. Perhaps the tide is beginning to turn, and more people are realising that, however useful the Internet and Kindles and Smart Phones can be, they cannot ever provide the pleasure that real books and real music and real bookshops can give. So I'll continue to fight for a small corner in people's hearts and heads for H & S, with many thanks to those of you who keep on writing encouraging things in your notes and letters.

We offer a very warm welcome to Ian Patterson as the new editor of Nemo's Almanac, and are delighted that he has entered our competition this year.

There's a bit of unfinished business from last year's notes. You may remember the quotation from John Winstanley's 'A Last Will and Testament' in the 2015 edition. There were doubts as to whether he had actually written the poem. It seems that he didn't, despite the attribution to him in the Oxford Book of Satirical Verse. Apparently the poem was really written by John Seccomb, an American, whilst he was a student at Harvard; he called it 'Father Abbey's Will'.

There's also some doubt, it seems, about the authorship of March VI in last year's offering. I have only seen it as 'To the Mutable Fair' by Edmund Waller; but a couple of you (with the help of the Internet!) claim it to be by Beaumont/Fletcher. Until anyone can prove that this is so, I'm sticking with Waller!

Despite the fact that you like to tell me that I make the competition too hard, you do very well with it. Most of you increased your total score this year, and seemed to enjoy the themes and many of the quotations. All of the quotations were found by more than one person, with the exception of October II. It's by our own Tom Durham, and, yes, I gave him 10 points, not for knowing it, but for writing it! I like the verse very much, and it fitted perfectly where I was wanting a 'Bow' with that meaning. It's to be found in the Methuen Book of Theatre Verse, 1991, an anthology which I thought that some of you would have and know, but apparently not. Anyway, many thanks, Tom, for those lines of 'Alpha Beta'.

What of 2017?

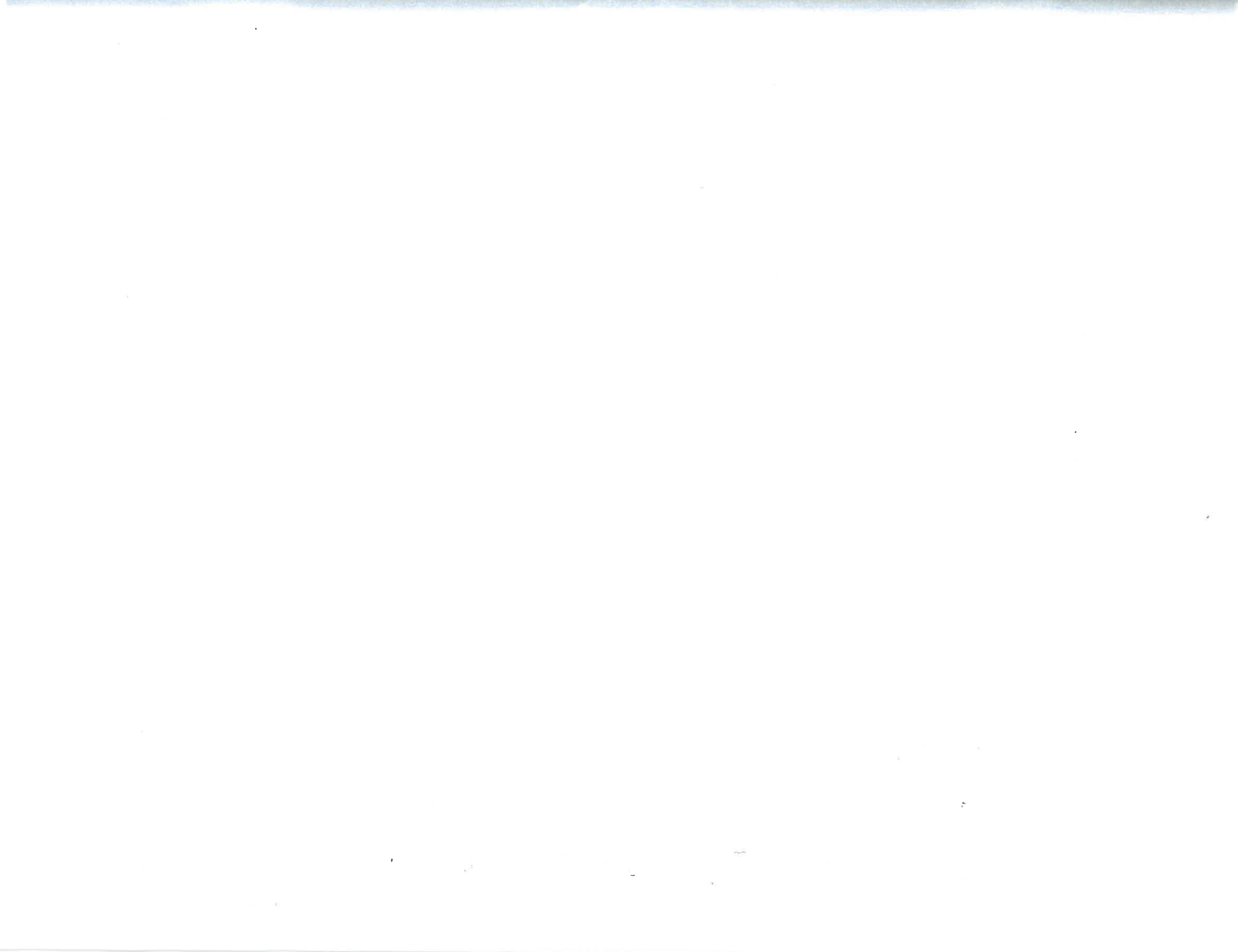
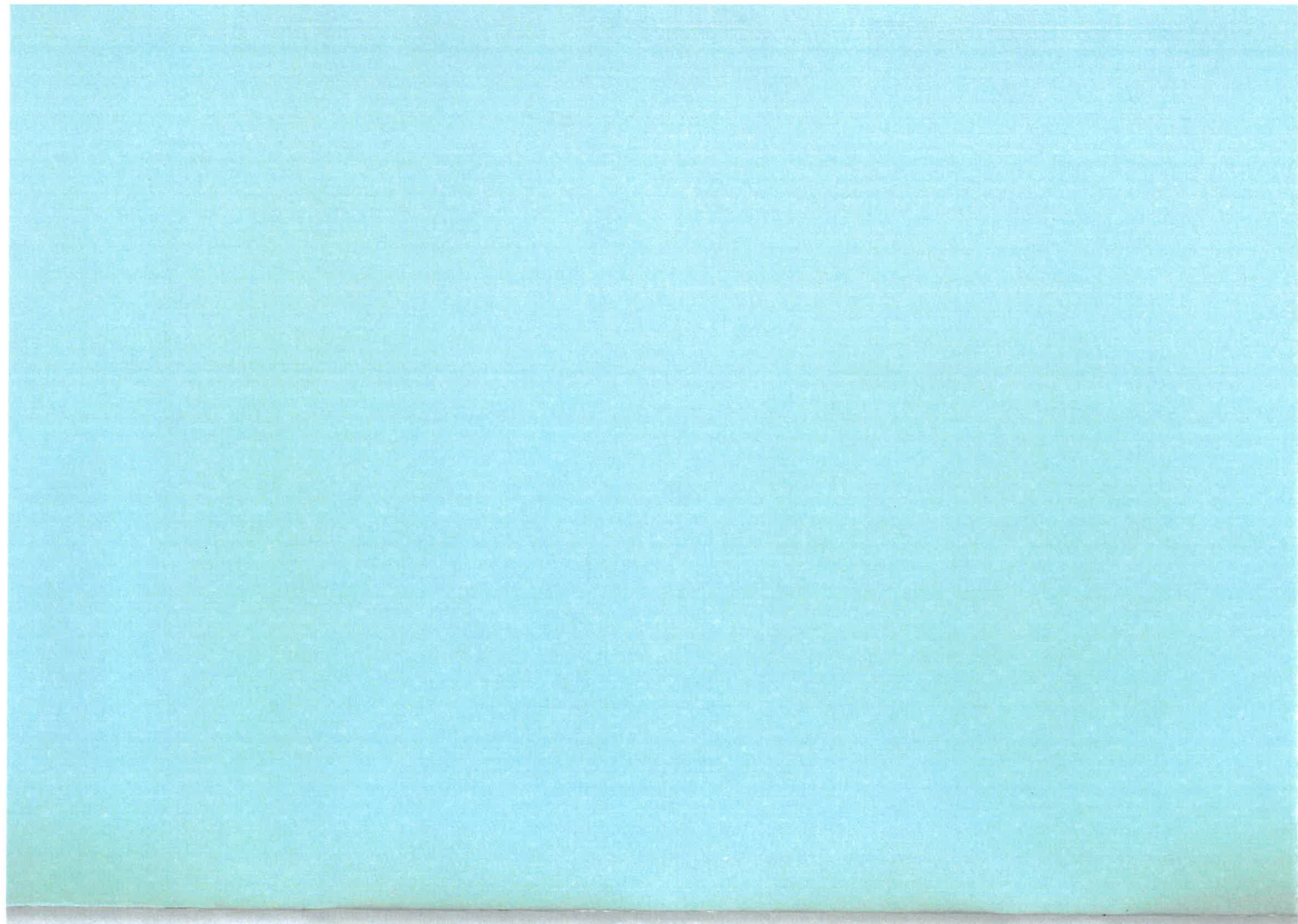
First, many thanks to Steve Osborn who has generously provided a fine Guest Page on the White Cliffs, or, as I teased him, the W.C.'s of Dover!

A few months ago there was an article in the paper about how children in our schools were going to be discouraged from using exclamation marks. I was distressed! It's my favourite punctuation mark! So I decided that we would have a page of them in this year's H & S – and I've got 81 of them for your delight and delectation!!!

Enjoy your seeking.







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Larkfield Printing Company Limited
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Dear T. B.

Greetings from Glasgow.

138, Raeberry Street
Glasgow, G20 6EA
25.11.16

I enclose an answer sheet for
H+S 2016 (so that you can see how clever you were, or weren't,
as the case may be!) And I give notice that copies of H+S
2017 (120th edition!) will be available from 1st December:
£3 per copy as usual (cheque payable to myself, if paying
by cheque). With all best wishes,

Yours,
Kenneth Mortimer

CLAREMONT LANDSCAPE GARDEN, Esher, Surrey.
View of the Lake and Amphitheatre, c.1740. Artist unknown. From
the set of paintings in the collection of Tom Parr Esq.
Join the National Trust and help to preserve this Garden.
Information from P.O. Box 30, Beckenham, Kent, BR3 4TL.



ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2016

JANUARY 'FRIENDS'

- I. Lord Byron, "L'Amitié est L'Amour Sans Ailes", Sta. 6, // 51-56
- II. William Cowper, "Friendship", Sta. 8, // 43-48
- III. Stevie Smith, "The Pleasures of Friendship", // 1-4
- IV. Abraham Cowley, "Friendship in Absence", Sta. 3, // 13-18
- V. W.H.Auden, "Thanksgiving for a Habitat, IX For Friends Only", Sta. 5, // 25-31
- VI. Francis Bacon, "Essays : Of Friendship"

FEBRUARY 'INK'

- I. O.W. Holmes, "Cacoethes Scribendi", // 3-6
- II. W.B.Yeats, "The Scholars", // 7-10
- III. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "The Valley of Fear, Part 1, 3. The Tragedy of Birlstone"
- IV. George and Weedon Grossmith, "The Diary of a Nobody", Chapt. XVIII, April 8
- V. R.S. Thomas, "The Letter", Sta. 3, // 12-16
- VI. Lewis Carroll, "Phantasmagoria, Canto III, Scarmoges, Sta.14, // 66-70

MARCH 'WINDMILLS'

- I. E.V. Lucas, "The Windmill", from 'Old Lamps for New'
- II. George Orwell, "Animal Farm", Chapter V
- III. William Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV.3.1. // 161-164
- IV. D.G.Rossetti, "A Trip to Paris and Belgium, II, Boulogne to Amiens and Paris,
(3 to 11p.m., 3rd class), Sta. 1, // 1-6
- V. Arthur Symons, "A Tune", // 5-8
- VI. Edmund Waller, "To the Mutable Fair", // 7-14

APRIL 'SHAKESPEARE'

- I. Ben Jonson, "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare; and what he hath left us." // 19-24
- II. James Thomson, "The Seasons; Summer", // 1563-1566
- III. Jane Austen, "Northanger Abbey", Vol.1, Chapt.1
- IV. John Updike, "Meditation on a News Item", // 12-17
- V. Iain Crichton Smith, "Reading Shakespeare", Stanzas 1.2, // 1-6
- VI. Robert Browning, "Bishop Blougram's Apology", // 487-493

MAY 'LADYBIRDS'

- I. Lord De Tabley, "Lines to a Lady-Bird", // 55-59
- II. Elizabeth Jennings, "The Ladybird's Story", // 5-9
- III. John Clare, "The Shepherd Boy" 2, // 1-6
- IV. Ruth Pitter, "The Earwig's Complaint", Sta. 3, // 13,14
- V. John Heath-Stubbs, "Theatre of Insects. A Ladybird Among the Reference Books" // 1-4
- VI. Christina Rossetti, from "Sing-Song : A Nursery Rhyme-Book; Hurt no living thing ..., // 1-7

JUNE 'RHYMING WORDS'

- I. J.A. Lindon, "Sink Song" // 7-10
- II. Edward Lear, "The Story of the Pobble who has no toes, and the Princess Bink",
Sta. 9, // 65-68
- III. John Keats, "A Song about Myself" III, // 68-73 (of poem)
- IV. Edith Sitwell, "Façade. 23. Polka", // 27-31
- V. W. M. Thackeray, "Vanity Fair", Chapt. 42
- VI. Anne Stevenson, "A Tricky June", // 16-21

JULY 'ICE CREAM'

- I. Andrew Motion, "To Whom it May Concern", Sta. 2, ll. 4-6
- II. D.J. Enright, "Paradise Illustrated ; A Sequence", IV, ll. 1-5
- III. Ogden Nash, "Tableau at Twilight", ll. 2-6
- IV. U.A. Fanthorpe, "Looking for Jorvik", Stanzas 2 & 3, ll. 3-6
- V. Peter Porter, "Homage to Gaetano Donizetti", ll. 3-6
- VI. Robert Lowell, "Milgate", ll. 24-28

AUGUST 'I REMEMBER'

- I. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "Maud", Part 1, I, IV, ll. 13-16
- II. W.H. Davies, "385. R is for Remembrance", Sta. 2, ll. 58
- III. H. W. Longfellow, "My Lost Youth", Sta. 6, ll. 55-59
- IV. Sylvia Plath, "Mystic", Sta. 2, ll. 6-9
- V. Charles Causley, "HMS Glory at Sydney August 1945, Sta. 2, ll. 5-8
- VI. Edgar Allan Poe, "The Raven", Sta. 2, ll. 7,8

SEPTEMBER 'THE WEST'

- I. Louis MacNeice, "Western Landscape", ll. 48-53
- II. Robert Frost, "America is Hard to See", Sta. 2, ll. 7-12
- III. A.E. Housman, "The West", from Last Poems, Sta. 6, ll. 21-24
- IV. John Masefield, "The West Wind", Sta. 5, ll. 17-20
- V. G.K. Chesterton, "A Certain Evening", Sta. 3, ll. 9-12
- VI. Edwin Muir, "The West", ll. 6-9

OCTOBER 'BOWS'

- I. W. S. Graham, "The Nightfishing", 3, ll. 200-203
- II. Tom Durham, "Alpha Beta", ll. 1-5
- III. Seamus Heaney, "A Kite for Michael and Christopher", Sta. 2, ll. 4-7
- IV. Thomas Hardy, "The Fiddler", Sta. 4, ll. 13-16
- V. C. Day Lewis, "The Hunter's Game", Sta. 2, ll. 7-12
- VI. John Milton, "Paradise Lost", Book XI, ll. 859-863

NOVEMBER 'SEASICKNESS'

- I. Jerome K. Jerome, "Three Men in a Boat", Chapt. 1
- II. Charles Dickens, "Sketches by Boz : The Steam Excursion"
- III. Norman Douglas, "South Wind", Opening Sentences
- IV. Thomas Hood, "The Boy at the Nose", Sta. 12, ll. 56-60
- V. Rupert Brooke, "A Channel Passage", ll. 7,8
- VI. Roger McGough, "Bad Day at the Ark, 11", ll. 5-9

DECEMBER 'THE STALL'

- I. John Donne, "Divine Poems, 3, Nativitie", ll. 5,6
- II. Luke Wadding, "Christmas Day", Sta. 2, ll. 9-12
- III. Robert Southwell, "New Heaven, New Warre", ll. 3-6
- IV. William McGonagall, "Poetic Gems : A Christmas Carol", Sta.9, ll. 37-40
- V. Rudyard Kipling, "Eddi's Service", Sta. 8, ll. 29-32
- VI. Richard Wilbur, "A Christmas Hymn", Sta. 1, ll. 5-8

138, Raeberry Street, Glasgow G20 6EA
11.12.10.

Dear T. B.,

Many thanks for your note and order and
payment.

Herewith four copies of H&S 2017.

Your efforts at involving others in the
competition are much appreciated.

I hope that you and the others who receive
these copies will enjoy working at them.

All best wishes.

Yours, Kenneth